WELLESLEY COLLEGE

A.M.

VOL. XXX. Swellesley, Mass., November 75, 1944 No. 999

OUR SLOGAN: If It's Scandal We'll Print It.

Get Your Hangovers At The Well

Sidebreeder Maintains Rum Lovers Superior To Gin Drunkards

In the very nick of time, AM has bared a dastardly plot, fomented in the fertile minds of the faculty of the Wellesley College in the Wellesley Mess to sell alcoholic beverages at the Well, the campus hangout. Three students at the college, Beam More '45, AM Adamant '45, and MeMe Smellder '46 attended the last meeting of the Faculty Slop Club held in Horror House. They overheard the assistant to the Dean of Living, Miss Blast, introduce the motion to sell liquor at the Well.

The motion was greeted with exuberant cheers of "delightful," led by Miss Hedna Sidebreeder of the Psych Department followed by three rounds of burps, organized by Miss O. SoSlow, visiting professor of English Lecherous from Sloucher.

The faculty was prepared to vote the motion a law when Miss Virginia Underdone, disciple of Dale Cranegie, arose ominously. "Chee fellers, we cain't pass dis ting widout a hot fight." The faculty hung their heads in shame, bowls of which were provided especially for this purpose. Mr. Junks, professor of Social Life, was the first to recover and he just laughed and laughed and laughed.

No Ceiling Prices

Mr. Shocked Her, Chairman of the Department of Foolosophy, demanded the floor and it was given to him in a short presentation ceremony. He winked coyly at Miss Underdone who collapsed

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FLU FLUX FLAM GRABS BLUE JEANS FROM LINSEED'S CORPSE CLOSET

Searching the third floor closet of Miss Truth Linseed's domicile, a student division of the Flu Flux Flam followed out tips from a copyboy on the *Lost Herald*.. Not only did they discover a pair of BLUE JEANS in that domicile (running expenses $11,463 annually from the voters' pockets) which is strictly against all regulations of the Boiler Makers Union, and even disapproved by the inner sanctum of academic council, BUT THE JEANS WERE INSCRIBED ON THE BOTTOM CUFF by the TOWN FATHERS ASSOCIATION of the Village of Wellesley. (For further references, see Town versus Gown, or Medieval Students Persecuted, Manchester Guardian, October 16, 1344.)

Loud and long were the protests voiced by democratic undergraduates who highly resented such awarding of special privileges to a minority group *already* in control of the college. IF THE DEANS HAVE JEANS, will we the majority of underprivileged, overworked, underpaid, overtaxed, underfed, ove-r burdened, under-sexed, under-over-under-over undergraduates let them come to Junior Prom? Will we? NO, NO, NO, THEY HAVE TO BRING THEIR OWN DATES.

Laugh, Darn You, Laugh

Ladies, Gentlemen, Faculty, and Mr. Lawrence, are you aware? Will you let this treat to Wellesley reputation remain, or are you too a stockholder in LIFE? Not that we intend to intimidate, but have you actually seen this undermining article of apparel which has appeared in our midst? If not, apply promptly for admission to the Rare Meat Room of the Library, open between 7:00 and 7:10 a.m. on Friday mornings by special permission of Miss Seed; a five cent deposit on your character is required. Formal attire will be worn. R.S.V.P.

Dean Linseed had no public statement to make regarding the charge of gross negligence as to the contents of her closet. "Wheu last investigated," confided her assistant, Miss Blast, "that closet contained only the slightly mutilated torsos of the script committee of Junior Show, and I put those there myself so I see no reason to get excited."

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Rebel Faculty Brawl Shamelessly During Momentous Gum Controversy

Gawky Gives Shockholders All the Dope

Report Delivered with Correct Diagramatic Breathing (according to Miss Roses of the Breech Department) in Aluminum Hall Nov. 17, 1975.

By Gawky Sadley '45, Secretary *ex senectute* of the Board of Musties

(Ed. note: Owing to the acute reader shortage, AM has been forced to omit Secretary Sadley's article. As a substitute, we take dubious pleasure in printing a poignant piece of contemporary 1985 friction, written for Contraposition 502 by Miss Mansnaring, who prefers to remain anonymous.)

ACT I

"Can I help?" Miss Pollyanna Sciatica Oversmacker, known to her intimates as Polly Sigh, drew near. "I've found it very handy in times of acute distress, to murmur "P.R.," just over and over again. It's such a comforting sound." Miss Oversmacker tittered nervously. "But I've quite forgotten what the letters mean. It's something Miss Camera and I always liked to say back in 1944. Oh dear, could it have been "Packaged Raisins"? I've never been quite sure."

(Ed. note: Owing to the acute author shortage and to certain unprintable passages occurring later in the piece, AM has been forced to delete the remainder of Miss Mansnaring's study.)

A secret session of the Epidemic Council was held last Wednesday afternoon, promptly at 4:39, to determine whether or not it would be possible to railroad through a bill allowing the faculty to chew gum while proctering exams. Fearful of student opposition, the furtive faculty postponed their meeting until it was too late for the students to do anything about it, it was revealed today through an excloosive story given by an AM reporter who was hidden behind a large vase in the room in which the meeting took place.

The meeting was delayed at first because the secretary had lost the minutes of the last meeting, but finally Mr. Croctor read one of Plato's dialogues from a book he just happened to have with him, and the business before the council was brought up.

The discussion was started by Dean Blacking who said that she had often wanted to chew gum while going through the intense mental agony any member of the faculty does while watching students fill exam book after exam book and knowing that he or she is going to have to correct them, but that she had never dared for fear of what the students might say. She felt however, that if gum chewing were approved by the council, it might be allowed by the students. The other members of the council seemed to agree with her except for Mr. Layman who held out for chewing tobacco.

Sindlay Hits Layman

Dean Sindlay moved that Mr. Layman's suggestion be stricken from the minutes because it might encourage the growing of tobacco plants on campus in place of the ground covering pacasandra. Then it turned out that it was impossible to strike this suggestion from the minutes because the secretary had stepped out fifteen minutes before for a coke, and hadn't put it in in the first place.

The group was about to vote on the measure and asked that it be formulated as a motion again. Miss Overdone of the Philology Department said, "Since the faculty are human beings, it is perfectly obvious that they should have the human privilege of chewing gum if they feel the need. I therefore move that we accept this logical idea, since, if A equals B . . ." At this point she was interrupted by Mr. Chilly of the Educating Department who asked, "But what are human beings? And how do we know them? And are we sure that this is a human privilege? And how do we know that the students are human beings who will understand us?"

A discussion was begun on these topics. An hour later, the chairman was forced to call the meeting to order to stop Miss Coolridge from beating Mr. L. V. Smith's head against the wall.

At length the dastardly act was passed, and the college would have been doomed had it not been for the quick thinking of Wacki Sadley, President of College Government, who, suspecting what was about to happen, had arranged to have students picketing the hall with placards which read, "No Gum for Faculty." When the council saw this, they said that that wasn't what they had planned at all, and went back into the room to pass a regulation against writing English Literature exams in Sanscrit.

If it had not been or the valiant

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AM

A.M.'s Editor madly at work on her Senior Novel. She has written this week's editorials (Q.V.) between the installments.

INJUSTICE!!

We were witnesses the other day to one of the most flagrant miscarriages of justice that we have ever seen. The miscarriage occurred at a session of the Inferior Court under Chief Crustiee Hebe Creppert, when sentenee was passed upon the seven students who threw Miss Mansnaring and Miss Bronson of the Department of English Deeomposition into Lake Waban.

The sentenee given was a suspended suspension—to seven tired, lovely, gentle girls whose case should never have come up in the first place. The facts were quite obvious. These seven innoeent girls had just handed in the first 50,000 words of their novels and were returning to their dormitories from coffee at the Well when they passed Miss Mansnaring and Miss Bronson strolling arm-in-arm by the lake chatting about English muffins. Overcome by emotion, these seven perseeuted students seized the faeulty members and submerged them gently in the lake. There was absolutely no way in which they could have known that there were several submerged roeks in the lake and that Mrs. Hovey was keeping her supply of sharks-for-Fridays in the lake.

Anyway, if the faculty had been on the ball, they could have thrown the students in the lake first. There was nothing to prevent them from doing it. Furthermore, Dr. Boils reports that both Miss Mansnaring and Miss Bronson are expeeted to recover. Also, the girls were only being playful in hopes of building up student-faeulty relations. But the action of the eourt in making their harmless little game an offense certainly does not further this fine aim.

It seems clear to us that the trial should never have been held. It was a waste of everyone's time and totally unnecessary. The conclusion which we inevitably draw is that perhaps the eourt has been invested with too much power—which, in the hands of a few misanthropes is always dangerous.

THE COURT SHOULD BEAR INVESTIGATION.

CONSIDER THE IVORY TOWER

We feel that not enough has been said during the past years about a very important subjeet: the Ivory Tower. To clarify this issue, we propose to traee the history of the ivory tower through the years at Wellesley.

The ivory tower was not always ivory; in fact, it used to be pure white. Its construction was commissioned by the founders of the eollege, and the edifiee was built entirely out of pure white Kleenex by Celtic trolls. (One source says it was Rumanian elves, but this theory has sinee been diseredited.) They earved the Kleenex with pure-white knives, and did all their work standing on pure-white ladders, dressed in pure-white angel robes. The expression "ivory tower" is really mistaken, since it was made of Kleenex, as shown by reeent ehemical tests—the term "ivory" beeame applied to it when its color beeame slightly tinged by constant mud-slinging.

In the beginning, it was purely decorative, being inhabited solely by pure-white mice. Then one day a faculty member who had entered the tower to pet the mice, liked the view so well that she decided to stay. Gradually other faculty members joined her and soon even students. During this period, the tower underwent several important transformations. It was decorated with exquisite earvings, and its arehiteeture was refined.

Inevitably, however, the people outside the ivory tower beeame jealous of the people inside the ivory tower, and a war began. The defenders of the tower first released the pure-white miee—this surprise maneuver so confused the besiegers that they withdrew temporarily. The attackers then hit upon a new tactic. If they could not take the ivory tower, they would at least disfigure it and mar its beauty. So they brought jars of mud and cans of paint which they threw all over the tower; they painted it brown, red, orange, and chartreuse. Not only was the tower spoiled, but the pure-white miee, who had eseaped from the tower, all fell in the mud, or in the lake; they turned grey or brown, and other repulsive colors. Ruin and destruetion!

So this, dear readers, is the real story of our lovely ivory tower, and how it beeame what it is today—a eomplete mess. Surely we must do something about it. Surely we must take aetion. Let us talk about ivory towers more.

HAHVAHD RAH!

At the very heginning of this editorial, AM would like to go on record without mincing any words: WE ARE IN FAVOR OF THE TWO SEXES. We've said it and we mean to stick to it. In our latest poll at this fair institution of preparation for life, we found that 87.6943 per eent of the student body was in favor of the resolution. The rest were indifferent. With this in mind, AM would like to make its slight contribution towards the war effort and therefore makes this suggestion: that Wellesley ineorporate the institution familiarly known as Hahvahd within its gates.

The deeline of Hahvahd in the past few years is well-known. (We understand they don't even bother to register sons at birth any more—they just bring them right along!) Its population has deelined tremendously, patronage of harber shops is almost non-existent, and rye, to the inhabitants of Dunster, signifies only an ingredient of bread. Now Hahvabd, we all know, is exclusively an institution for one of those two sexes we were talking about in the first paragraph; Wellesley is exclusively for the other. Now do you get the point?

What we mean, to get down to brass tacks, is that if we're really in favor of the two sexes as the poll shows, then the separate up-keep of two establishments is unnecessary, superfluous, and wasteful. It's sheer stupidity. Henry Durant and John Hahvahd were probably in favor of one sex but we, we the common citizens of Wellesley, are in favor of the two sexes. (See paragraph 1.) AM is always willing to help the underdog and if Hahvahd is struggling along as reports have it, then we're magnanimous enough to do our share. Besides, the separation of the two colleges is contrary to the 19th Amendment and equal rights, based as it is on discrimination between the two sexes (which we're in favor of, incidentally). Hahvahd in Wellesley would be a small but effective step towards eliminating this artificial distinction. Now is the time for action!

DAMP MISUSE

Time For a Change

by Too Narrow

Recent reports have come in to the authorities that certain types of behavior unbefitting a respectable New England college have been noticed on the Wellesley campus. The center of the wicked activities appears to be the wooded peninsula jutting out in Lake Waban, known as Tupelo Point. It is time for a reform.

The charms of Tupelo, famous rendezvous of Wellesley students and their escorts, has caused an appalling number of recent engagements. It is even rumored that only the other day a junior took a marine to Tupelo for the first time and he not only proposed to her, but she gladly accepted. V-Day for the Marine Corps!

Now is the time for all good Wellesley women to face this issue squarely. Are we all to fall prey to the beguiling effects of Tupelo? Are we to become engaged before our time? No. I can hear the chorus of faithful voices reply. Strolls down Tupelo Point are a menace to the singlarity rating of Wellesley women. The rapidly diminishing number of unattached undergraduates indicates a trend which must be stopped. Our morale must not be permitted to sag this way.

The very core of the problem can be rooted out if the college will whole-heartedly support our program to outlaw Tupelo from the campus. Several helpful suggestions have been made by those interested in this serious problem. Among the solutions under consideration are the construction of a stone barricade across the neck of the peninsula or the digging of a strait which it is agreed should provide an adequately wet discouragement to any aspiring Harvard, Tech or serviceman. Other original ideas from the student body will be welcome.

Action must be taken! Wellesley women, give us your support in this fine cause, the preservation of single status among Wellesley women. Let this be your fighting slogan—"Tupelo destitum est!"

Faculty Swim Club Submerged by Pot

The English Illiterate Department enjoying an Elizabethan swim near the HerbyGrinder home. From left to right, Miss Heavenly Bells, Miss Stalk, Mrs. HerbyGrinder, and (behind Mrs. Herby Grinder) Miss Stews.

Enraged residents of the Shower Court Dormitories discovered the source of the loud grinding noise which has been disturbing their early morning sleep lately. A committee of one, bravely headed by B. A. Pot, President of the Wellesley College Gore-em, sneaked down toward the lake whence came the noise. There she discovered Miss Heavenly Bells, Miss Stalk, Miss Stews, Mrs. Herby Grinder. Swimming! In the lake! In winter.

"It's a department function," they explained. "We're planning to surprise Miss Smelliott because she said that . . . " At that moment there was a loud scream from Miss Cradle who had been sawing out sections of ice with a hack saw and fallen in. Your reporter is glad to say that Miss Cradle managed to reach shore with her saw clenched between her teeth with the able assistance of Miss Bells, clad in an Elizabethan bathing suit, who hauled Miss Cradle in by her hair.

"We're teaching Miss Cradle to swim," said Miss Stalk. "Right now we're just letting her get used to the idea of the water by sawing ice. By spring we expect to be able to let her swim." Miss Cradle meanwhile was lying prostrate on the snow while Mrs. Herby Grinder applied artificial respiration with great presence of mind and pressure of hands. "No, no," sobbed Miss Stews rushing forward, "not her stomach. Her back."

B. A. Pot eyed the gay bathers sternly. "We don't mind if you violate the swimming rules," she screamed, "But you'll have to be more quiet. No more cutting ice with a saw."

Having delivered this gentle hint, B. A. Pot left. AM is glad to report that since that time, the faculty have been swimming under the ice, and the students sleeping.

When spring comes a dredging party will be organized to recover several bodies.

Exams Go Bezerk; Last Day Scratched

by Hobby Honner '56

"Wellesley's old traditional Mid-year Exam Week will be offered as usual this year," President Smackabee, tossed over her shoulder to A.M.'s reporter as she leapt off to chapel at eight fifteen yesterday. "Steaks will be served at dinner every night during this week as they have been in past years. Cocktails will be available to all except the Fresh Men at four o'clock each afternoon, the usual stuff, you know."

Dean Lacy Pilson, sprinting around the corner at a good clip (Lazy Day was just setting out from The Termites at the moment) stopped long enough to note two changes in the college routine during this time. Said she grimly:

1. No letters except Special Deliveries will be delivered to students while they are taking an examination. (In past years this service has been extended to all mail except Lake Waban Laundry Bills and Penny Post Cards).
2. No purple ink may be used to write any examination.

These decisions were reached, she declared, at a forty-eight hour meeting of the Academic Council held at an undisclosed location some time last week.

Interviewed at her den in Cower Court, Mrs. Thomas Lovey, confirmed the President's statement that steak would be served at dinner. "However," she sobbed, "we will not be able to provide Any Orange Ice At All. We've had so little of it this fall that I realize . . . But," she added more cheerfully, "Butter will be served at every meal. No rolls at all will be served unless they are hot. Hard, Medium, and Soft eggs will be served labeled with pink, purple, and green labels respectively. Never again," she said as she pounded the desk, "do I want to hear the libelous question at breakfast, "Are the Medium eggs Hard or Soft today?"

Read This Paragraph

President Smackabee has asked that a brief resume of Exam Week routine be published for the benefit of the Fresh Men who may not be familiar with it. She adds that at the request of a committee composed of Fat Cowber, Editor in Grief of A.M., Smell Levine, Scandal Editor of same, and Floral Cutlery, Scoop Editor of same, exam periods have been shortened from two hours, thirty minutes to two hours twenty minutes. It is felt that this arrangement will enable students to catch trains for which they might otherwise have to cut an entire exam.

In this connection Dean Lacy Wilson asserts that students are limited to One Exam Cut during the entire week. While the college deeply regrets this restriction on the Free Cutting System, it has been found necessary because students have taken advantage of the old system by cutting all their exams, she says. While most professors do not consider it necessary to read a student's exams before giving her a grade, the Administration feels that the professors must have something constructive to do during vacation if their salaries are to be continued during this time.

Only 6 1-2 Paragraphs To Go

A.M. learns from a usually reliable source *(The Wellesley College News)* that the last day of exams has been omitted so that No One Will Have An Exam on the Last Day.

The Well will of course continue to supply cigarettes to all who wish to smoke during exams. Although the supply of Chesterfields and Philip Morris is unlimited, Karol Musical of the staff, asks that girls wishing Kools and Rameses sign for them on House Boards since the supply is small. A recent telegram to the A.M. office from Mrs. P. D. Q. Dry Martini, Head of House at Cower Court, however, reads, "Smoking during an exam is all very well, but please tell those Cower Court girls I can't let them smoke in the dining room. I can't stand the smoke. It makes me too homesick for Pittsburgh." for Pittsburgh."

During Exam Weak no rising bells will be rung, of course. Cower Court will be wakened by Three Quarts and a Pint (who have volunteered their services), Fat Cowber (see above), Julie Burned-up, Bebe Burpet, and Fattie Clown. Arrangements for awakening the other dorms have not yet been completed. President Smackabee is particularly anxious that all students should get enough sleep during this week. She has ordered that each girl receive two clean sheets instead of one during this time.

Fresh Men permissions as usual will be unlimited. Other little conveniences will include easy chairs in all exam rooms for rest periods and light (the objective is not ours) snacks served upon request. The committee to serve these snacks has not yet been announced but according to usually reliable sources *(The Wellesley College News)* it will be headed by the Censors of the Junior Blow. Soft drinks only will be available. The following signals to waitresses have been outlined, for those wishing refreshment in the middle of an exam.

One coke—two low whistles.
Two cokes—two shrill whistles.
One Brownie—three short whistles.
Two Brownies—(this is too many.)
Coke and Brownie—one groan.
Courage, Courage, Courage

The following prepared questions have been issued for publication. *Hygiene 120* "Why do I wear a size 9 shoe? or, four characteristics of a good bed sock." (Dr. De Knife sends a cheering message to all Fresh Men, "Don't worry about those D's in Hygiene girls. Remember, a D in Hygiene may be balanced by a B in the Posture Picture!")

Bible 104 "Imagine that you are the Prophet Hosea. Describe your reflections on Unjust Suffering as seen through the eyes of a Democrat at Swellesley." Two hours and twenty minutes.

Mr. Robert Montgumery of the Biblical History Department will proctor all exams in Biblical History. He will bring Bobby with him. Anything that Bobby says may be quoted, but must be footnoted. All footnotes must be consecutive.

Mr. H. F. Shorts will proctor all History exams. He will sit on the deck as usual. After twirling his Phi Beta Kappa Key from left to right for five minutes, he will swing his watch chain from right to left. He has promised not to tell any jokes after the exam has started.

Pigaback Dean Crashes Drama

Pademonium broke loose on the campus of Wellesley College last night when Dean Flimsy, riding pigaback on the shoulders of her sturdy assistant, Miss M. Louise Blast, crashed the opening performance of "The Marital Problems of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra," or "Look What Aegisthus Done," translated from the Grief by Miss Helen Cull Slaw, prominent in the deportment.

Waving the banner "A bottle opener in every room and Harvard men in every refrigerator," the Dean of Razzidents leapt gracefully to Miss Blast's feet in the center of the Gay Outhoard Theatre, and presented, in a terse three-hour speech, her solution to the problem of the new Wellesley dromedary, cleverly entitled "Why in Hell Won't Somebody Do What I Want to Do Once in a While?"

Unfortunately the greater part of Dean Flimsy's talk was inaudible, owing to the fact that her blue jeans squeaked as she paced nervously back and forth on the podium. However, nearby resident males were able to catch her theme statement which, usually well deformed circles report, was an admirable summary of the argument, though scholars disagree as to its interpretation.

Copies of the speech, translated into base English by Mrs. Drizzable Peevins of the Edification Department, have been placed under the dresser scarf on the Inflammation Bureau.

Orange Nastur Causes Chaos In Flower Beds

Expose of a scandal which is rocking the Washington street section of the campus got underway yesterday as your AM reporter uncovered the facts in the Hallowell—Horton House nasturtium feud. This horticultural holocaust, which bribery of students coming for conferences had kept quiet for almost a fortnight, flared into the open late last night as Miss Smellyitt was observed by neighbors chasing Mr. Hey-You down the service driveway. The pursuer was carrying an object in each hand, the nature of which is uncertain. When questioned, she declared, "Only an artist would plant orange nasturtiums in the Hallowell-Horton flower beds. It is well known that Mrs. Durant liked only the yellow variety."

Traditionally, yellow nasturtiums are planted in the yards of the faculty houses in November to commemorate the immortal lines of Mrs. Durant, uttered in late November, 1874, "And then there's rosemary; that's for remembrance." Since rosemary does not do well in the New England climate, yellow nasturtiums have always been substituted.

The identity of the faculty member who dared to break with tradition is still a mystery, but your reporter has traced the root of the trouble to Horton House. All available residents of the house were given the third degree, but results were negligible.

"I could not love you, dear, so much, loved I not honour more," stated Miss Win-fast.

"Ask the six selfless souls," advised Miss Undertaker.

Miss Mentis of the non-compis dept. refused to make any statement, but Miss Hells, drawing herself up to her full height, sailed through the door with the declaration, "England hath need of me."

Miss Veal, swinging merrily from the chandolier, advised all that only through rest and relaxation could the problem be solved, while Miss Coder beat her on the shoulder. Although violence in the form of soda in an ink bottle, aimed by Miss Poses at the Horton faculty, has flared up, martial law will probably restore order soon. If Horton persists in sticking to orange nasturtiums, the academic council will meet in special session Tuesday to determine whether the sacred tradition of yellow nasturtiums is to be upheld in the future.

Aprilnard Saves Reputation from Island Tempters

"Limburger (censored), it was hell"; quipped Miss Aprilnard of the Wellesley intelligence service, "just like in the movies!"

Your reporter leaned forward in her chair, taking it all in. With the college finally back to normal, AM felt obligated to present its readers with a personal interview with the heroine of the Lotus Isle adventure. Rescued Saturday by two members of the Communication School at Harvard, who saw the flash of her silver barette from the tower, Miss Aprilnard had been missing for fifty-two hours. Frantic college authorities had called out the Wellesley girl scouts loath to leave their high-pressure cookie-selling and the Minute men, whose searches failed utterly, since revengeful abduction by Wellesley town fathers was feared.

When questioned by reporters as to whether she had Gotten Anything Out Of her experience, in which she was accidentally marooned on the isle in Munger Pond, Miss Aprilnard confessed, "I have discovered that in a primitive existence only four things are actually necessary to sustain life.

The most important of these is a silver barette. I remembered from Slavic 202 that Homer's Roamer ate Lotus, and with my barette acting as a fork, I was in no danger of starvation. Also, luckily there were some odd cans of Dawson's floating by on the water at the time, and the barette, I found, was also a good can opener. Thirdly, the barette served as a harpoon with which to obtain the succulent minnow of the pond.

"The second necessity of life, I found, was a bottle of Elizabeth Arden Flower Mist cologne. This served not only as lighter fluid but also as a counteragent for the pond, if you get what I mean.

"Number three is Wesson oil. This product is one of the most useful of nature's children, for I found it an excellent furniture polish, salad dressing, shoe polish, and machine oil. I also used it to anoint the baby, keep moths out of the rugs, and put on my legs for sunbathing.

"My volume of Rupert Brooke was my last indispensible," continued Miss Aprilnard, "this I used as a Kleenex substitute, and the leather cover was removed and became an adorable lapel pin."

Miss Aprilnard had been the guest at a Munger dinner of a sophomore, who coveted a cigarette case (which rumour has it contained two stale cigarettes) in the lost and found. As she left the dormitory, and was leaping down the hill, a bicycle speeding down the meadow path hit her head on and sent her flying to the middle of the pond, where she landed on the island. Unfortunately, she lit on her head, but remembering her first aid, she applied a tourniquet to her neck, in time to avert disaster, with her usual presence of mind.

"I yelled," explained the heroine, "but no one paid any attention to my cries. Then I remembered the Tarzan technique and started swinging from branch to branch in the tree, but alas, after two or three circumnavigations. I came to the conclusion that the attempt was futile."

The two Turkisb Ensigns, who saved the day (and the college) with their daring rescue of Miss Aprilnard, were attracted to her island when they saw the flash of a code coming from the vicinity. Miss Aprilnard was inadvertently spelling out D N B in International Boy Scout Code as the sun reflected on her barette. She explained that she was ducking for apples at the time.

As tbey left the scene of the rescue, one Ensign was heard to remark, "But Miss Aprilnard, do think it over. My harem has hot running water and central heating."

Persecution, Inhumanity Spur Faculty Into Revolt

Spokesman for the faculty C.I.O. (Consolidated Intellectual Organization), Dean Sickly, of the Fresh Department, today stated the grievances of the faculty against the student body. In shocked tones, she revealed the conclusions reached at the last Epidemic Council: "The students just aren't human." The faculty feels that the only solution is a stand-up strike. "We have been sitting down too long," tbey say. Speaking for the students, Anonymous '48 declared, "It's unauthorized sabotage—we have our exams to take, and the schedule must go through."

AM has personally interviewed notorious members of the faculty strikers. Miss Nutcracker of the Polly Sigh Department exclaimed: "Their papers are so long! It's inhuman." We found Miss Fanfaring sadly standing up on top of the Tower. "They don't bring me

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Do Read This- You'll Love It, Rilly You Will

To the Editor of AM
Dear Editor:

This is to give you some really choice dope on C.F.C., the campus fiftb column. You probably haven't heard about it but I stumbled onto a big scoop while I was looking for a pen in the shrubs outside Pom. I heard a voice from a small window near tbe ground say,

"Look especially on closet floors and in bottom drawers—those are the most likely spots." So I stuck around and glued my ear to the window to hear what was going on. After all, some of my most valuable possessions I keep on my closet floor—this voice really must have had an informer.

Well, anyway, this is wbat I heard. An experienced group of sleuths, headed by Agents Melson, Hippbenpapher, and Biting, are going to rifle every college dormitory on campus and in the Vil on the night of December 14 at 5 a.m. when everyone is so dead tired from exams that they'll not wake up. And—get this—wbat they're after is b--- j----- and men's shirts. When they get them all they are all going to meet at the trysting place, Severance Hill.

Now for the pay-off. They are going to burn every single pair of b--- j---- in tbe whole college and every man's shirt in a gigantic bonfire. It'll be like nothing seen in this region since the Boston Tea Party. And when they've all burned to ash, they're going to put the ashes in an urn and scatter them from the Green Hall tower so just as everyone is getting up they'll see the last remains of Wellesley college's most famous distinction floating down from the tower in ash.

Please keep my name a secret. I don't want to be knifed in the back some night by the C.F.C.—tbey never miss.

Anonymous

Gummy Mess -

(Continued from Page 1)

action of the AM reporter, cramped behind the vase, the truth of this matter would never have been known, nor would it be known that the faculty also resolved to try to pass this measure again later.

Students, arise! Beware of the gum menace!! Stand upon your rights! Write to your local faculty member and protest.

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SSS Uses 1 o'clocks

AM's special, top-notch, incomparable correspondent (formerly a soda fountain JERK) attended the last but not least session of Soup-Hear-Your Court attired in the official garb approved by the Wellesley *Townsman*: mink skins embroidered with striped shirt tails hanging at the sides in a shockingly smart decolletage effect. (Smelley's bargain special with the purchase of a can of delousing powder, designed to cure any after effects at each wearing. See Miss Han-mc-don of the Heck Department for particulars.)

Our reporter, after a knock-down, drag-out fight with Knee-Deep Hep-Burp, Chief Helper in Soup-Hear-Your Court, got this incomparable, top-notch, special story to us by House Phone: (if the shock of this disclosure is absolutely unbearable, dash off a friendly little epistle to the Recorder asking her to cancel an exam—this perks up morale and assures that Miss Smithereen Belliot is kept amused); here it is and don't say we didn't warn you: SOUP-HEAR-YOUR COURT, OUR DISPENSER OF JUSTICE (vanilla, chocolate, etc.) IS PREJUDICED, IT'S PACKED. IT'S PACKED WITH, OF ALL THINGS, REACTION!!

This is how it happened. Mr. Son-so-Silley wanted freedom. So did Miss Honkeytonk, philosophically speaking. Mr. Silley had already used up his ten one o'clocks in conferences on *"The Contribution which beer-drinking in Framingham can have on a liberal education for Freedom,"* Miss Honkeytonk told the Court that she had seen Mr. Silley at 10:01 in Wellesley Hills on November 34. Said she triumphantly: "From the premises at hand, there is but one logical conclusion: Mr. Silley took an extra one-o'clock and should be put on Prohibition." Miss Virtue Hammerer, Miss Smack Donald, and Mr. T-Shirt Knocked-her banged their rattles in agreement.

On the basis of this inconclusive evidence, the Jury, consisting of Miss Spikel, Mr. Hey-man!! Mr. Murtis, Miss DeKnife, and Miss Lacy Pilson found Mr. Silley guilty as all get-out. (See Blue Jeans *Manufacturing Co. v. the Corrupt Press of America*, pg. 365 of the Social Calendar). Mr. Silley has lost his freedom. Reaction, pure, gross, and unadulterated reaction runs riot in the Court. AM, from its early morning perch, has burst two blood vessels in its rage over this gross miscarriage of JUSTICE.

Historical question: If Mr. Silley can't get an extra one o'clock, what hope is there for FREEDOM for the rest of us? Freedom is the essence of one o'clocks and one o'clocks the freedom of essence. It's all very well for Miss Hammerer, Miss Snare-a-man, Mr. Knocked-her, Miss Spikel, Mr. Hey-man! Mr. Murtis, Miss De-Knife, and Miss Pillson to teach freedom in their classes, but when it comes down to actually putting their theory into practice—WELL! They leave poor Mr. Silley unable to get to Frame-a-ham to carry on his high intellectual pursuits. It's REACTIONARY, if we've ever heard of reaction—and AM has heard of reaction.

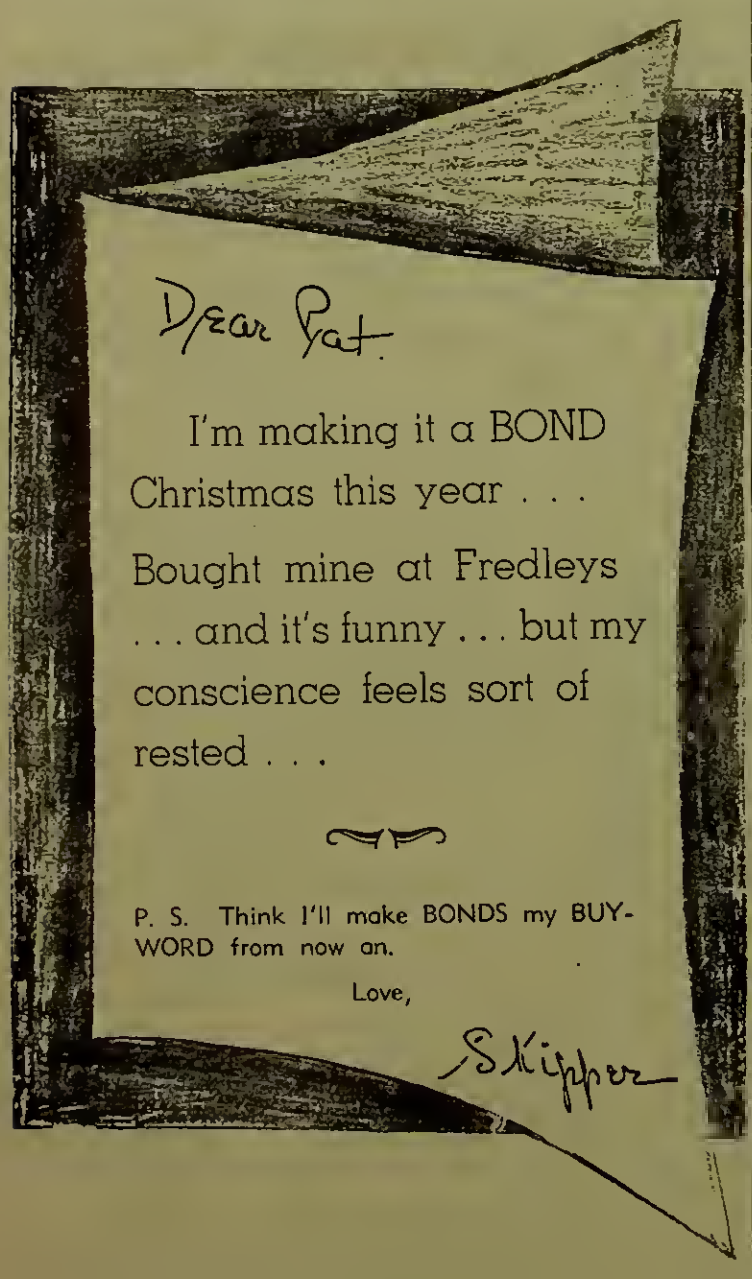
AM advises: Bicycle to Tower Court immediately where Hebe Creppert, Wacki Sadley, and other current officials who perpetrated this decision are ensconced. Urge them to release unfortunate Mr. Silley from his perch at Tupelo, where he has been trying to console himself by rescuing Crimson men who neglected to speak quickly enough. Until Mr. Silley is rescued, the staff of AM swears off printing reviews of Chapel Sermons!

(Continued from Page 1)

Files from the office of the TREASURER—A.M. regrets that it had to resort to such unauthoritative sources, but the ASSISTANT TREASURER is off on a bond tour—indicate the following description of the aforementioned blue jeans: Size 36, well faded derriere, crib notes for Botany 101 midyear in the left pocket, a patch on the right knee, and two acid burns near the cuff. The name tape inside was originally Mildew MaCaffey, and A.M. suspects an illegal change of property—professional rivalry no doubt.

She Wore 'Em

Dean Linseed confessed to wearing blue jeans, but *only* on such occasions as the Senate considered them appropriate and advisable. "For example," she stated, "I wear them rolled half way to the knee under my academic robe during Honors Chapel." The reporter agreed with Dean Linseed that it can hardly be considered her fault that Dr. Berserk and the Founders Janitor began a contest to see which one could produce a candid oil painting of the Dean first. The Janitor triumphed, due to the undeniable advantage of working near Miss Linseed in the Sage green house on Saturday night. (Underclassmen will be happy to note that Academic Council granted the Dean an extra one-o'clock for this project.)



Grafter Sabotages

Shadey Miphiro, a member of the cigarette society, rebelled against the recent Truckmen's Union's strike and defied the well-known current expression of *C'est la guerre*. AM exposes this great dual-outrage.

Shadey has a corner reserved for her in the Gotmany Gardens. She has already started experiments in grafting. She won't say how she's done it or even what she's done, but one of our ace reporters scooped the story when he saw an orchard of trees wink at him one night while he was riding his bicycle through the cigarettetetum.

Shadey is reported to have absconded with some square-hypocotyls from the math department. She grafted them with a dog-tooth violet she stole from a sophomore of the same name in Fauntleroy hall. After the plant had germinated, she fertilized it with cigarette butts, watered it with tar and resin and nicotine in solution (tarsintinide—she heard about it in chem three-lifty where she also discovered the way to lift valued possessions from various departments). Someone told her that phosphorus and nitrogen were what they were stream-lining match boxes with. Although there was a slight explosion when she experimented in her unpatriotic victory garden with these two elements ordinarily used in fertilizer, she was encouraged.

Flunks Exam

She has been working hard. Only yesterday, before one of her hardest exams, she found time to explore her cigarettetetum. She found one small blossom. (She flunked the exam).

It is square in shape (because of the square roots from the math department). This makes it difficult to hold while smoking, but the new brand has many compensations that makes it far superior, she says, to the other two brands that you can buy in the village.

For example, there are tooth marks in it so that it won't fall out of your mouth. This may be attributed to the dog-tooth violet grafted in. The cigarette lights of its own accord as the smoker

Approached for an official comment, President MaCaffey magnanimously overlooked her previous ownership of the much discussed article of clothing. She merely reminded us of a previous telegram to A.M.

Known to be on probationary convalescence in McKenney's following a brief collapse is Dean Blighting, close cohort of Miss Linseed's. The shock was severely received by Dean Blighting, who currently maintains that she knows of no instance in which Chaucer mentions the wearing of such garments by females.

The accompanying photograph was obtained through the publicity office which released the following statement by the Dean on the eve of her exposure: "AH, but I feel so FREE in my jeans." passes the electric eye while reaching for the dangling blossom. Here the grafter attributes her success to great experimentation in discovering the critical amount of explosives necessary in the fertilizer.

This expose was cited as a typical example of what has been done on campus to sabotage national efforts to break smokers of "the habit."

Chilley Eats With Spoon

Not only has this sabotaged the whole national war effort, but Mr. Chilley and other members of the college have also been corrupted. Mr. Chilley was seen placing a plant by the entrance to the Well. On his way up to the counter to get a spoon for his ice-cream cone, he slyly plucked a cigarette free from the plant. He is working on a tree that will grow pipes that stay lit.

The college says that this will be a feature of the new Well. And a course in grafting has been added to the curriculum—24 credits so that you can complete a major in one semester. Then students will have time to plant rye orchards in another semester.

Shadey exhibited a regrettable cocksureness. "I am justly proud," she said, "to have out-done any of the atrocities and abuses of the Union."

M'gosh, we found it. See page 5.

Doctors. The Poil of Simpton could take no more, rushed to the window from which she had often planned to suspend a window box if the chance ever came, lept, and landed in the soft snow below." That's the trouble, though," she thought, "too many women," and languidly she watched the large red neon sign "Simpton" going up over their front door.

Hey-You's Art Illustrated With Comments, O.K.!

All students are strongly urged by the College Extractor to make as many changes as possible in their schedules for the second semester. The following courses are submitted as possible suggestions:

Mr. V . . . — Smith promises to tell all students enrolled in Economics 101 how to solve the world's problems with peanuts, button hooks, and rotten eggs.

Sophomores will be especially interested in knowing that Biblical History can be dropped for the second semester by anyone who would like to substitute attendance at chapel every morning and little chapel every evening as well as Wellesley Chapel or Church on Sunday. Students electing to do this will be on "Religious Pro" and will be required to sign in every morning at the Information Bureau.

Students in search for courses featuring the practical instead of the theoretical are reminded of Chemistry 310, Quantitative Organic Microanalysis, Math 302, Functions of a Real Variable, and Freshman Hygiene.

Old stand-bys highly recommended are: Education 200, Mr. Chilley, "How to Clarify Your Thoughts." Pre-requisite, Basic English; Psychology 309, Abnormal Psych. or "How to Recognize a Wellesley Alumna"; Sociology 102, also known as "Home Economics"; Mrs. Kluckhen. Art 215, Mr. Hey-You's Survey Course illustrated with comments; Psychology 301, Mr. ZigZag, "American Humor."

Those wishing to know what a Wellesley girl should, may take "The Rise of the English Novel" and leafn from Pamela.

All frustrated freshmen are reminded that Astronomy 101 will be offered second semester.

In response to the overwhelming demands of the students for a "little something else" to do, the following one hour courses are being offered without credit: Philosophy 108, Logic; English Composition 303, Criticism; English Literature 103, The Ballad.

For further information students are urged to consult their roommates and friends who probably haven't had the course, and to drop in for a cup of tea in the Extractor's office.

New faculty gowns ordered from Wright & Ditson. Shades of chartreuse, burnt orange, and pea-green. To be worn to protect blue jeans.

WEATHER REPORT

Fair today, followed by tomorrow.

Eastern Massachusetts: Cold back.

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Breakfast Roll In Drone Hall Caused By Jam

Joint Resolution by: Miss Mansnaring, Miss Beam, and Mrs. Dregs, of Drone Hall. "Why We Bring Our Own Jam To The Breakfast Table."

Miss Mansnaring (speaking first). *I* hate college jam.
Miss Beam. I *Hate* college jam.
Mrs. Dregs. I hate *College* jam.
All together. We hate College *Jam.*

Miss Mansnaring gives as her reason for bringing her own jam to the breakfast table, "I like to get up early. Nobody else in Drone Hall gets up early enough. When I go to breakfast at seven thirty it is high time everyone on the third floor was up. So I start at the top of my own private stairs and roll my jam pot down to the dining room floor. This usually wakes everyone up, though it doesn't always get them down to breakfast on time. Besides I like rolling jam pots. Rolling jam pots is lots of fun."

Miss Beam (also on the third floor) declares that when she hears Miss Mansnaring's jam pot rolling down her private stairs she knows that it is time for her to be on her way to breakfast. She loves racing with Miss Mansnaring, she says, "but I never win. Her jam pot always gathers more momentum because she has a head start. I really don't think it's fair."

Dregs Runs Like Hell

Mrs. Dregs (who lives on the first floor) realizes that she has no place in the above race. "I like to bring my jam pot to the breakfast table," she told A.M.'s reporter, "Because it gives such a homey atmosphere to the dining room. There's something really beautiful about pots of red and yellow jam on the table in the morning, with the sun streaming through the window behind them. Just one big happy family."

All three agree that their custom should be extended to other Wellesley dormitories. What this college really needs, they chorus, is a cheerful A.M. spirit. What could be better than our own pot of jam to eliminate the breakfast table grumps, they want to know.

Miss Mansnaring seen four times on the third floor, landing at Drone Hall. She has just sent the jam pot on ahead. It should have reached the second floor about now.

Jello Bounces, Cook Rakes In Tainted Lucre

Alfonso de Smith, one of the college cooks, has been awarded a plastic medal by the Pu Dont Chemical Company for his discovery of a new formula for synthetic rubber, it was announced by Mrs. Hovey early today. Although little can be told about this new discovery, which is considered a military secret, it is known that Cook de Smith has been making rubber for several years now out of ordinary cooking ingredients, but, being a modest man, who did not eat desserts anyway, he did not recognize his own achievement.

A representative of the Pu Dont Company who was at the college interviewing prospective applicants for jobs, ate lunch at one of the dormitories, and was struck by the possibilities of the new formula as he chewed a mouthful of pudding and his jaws flew open again as if they had closed on a spring. Because there was a representative of a rival company at the table, he could not say anything at the time, but had to eat his dessert. Immediately after the meal he rushed out to the kitchen and procured the formula-recipe from deSmith. Several students testified that Cook de Smith's formula invariably produces the same result.

Executives of the company believe that when this formula is developed it will be especially valuable, since men in service will be able to eat their equipment if they run short on rations, and new equipment can easily be manufactured by front line cooks. Statements from the students and the representative of the company who made the discovery testify that they suffered no lasting ill effects from eating the rubber.

Simpton in Debt Lack of Men Doctors Mistake

The Sinking of Simpton set in with the mal-diagnosis of the social significance of ulcers. Immediate reaction was a campus-wide epidemic of hug-vitus rumored to be a phase of Saint Dr. Me-Wife's dance. Delighted with the turn of affairs, Harvard Med School, to which belong the only men who have yet slunk around Simpton's greased floors, rushed to the scene to guarantee their professional integrity. Wellesley met them with open arms. The plot was underway. A diagnosis of the symptoms of Simpton or the Investigation of the Mal-practice in the Infirmary with the pre-determined suspicion that the Living Outlook of Medicine was a Dead Letter.

The Med School approached. Standing on the carpet as the door was thrust open by Dr. Glup-Gulp-Burp of Hahvahd was the Poil of Simpton shimmering in the grey light prescribed to bring out the dramatic in the patients. Dr. Glup of H. Med immediately noticed the unwholesome purity of the air about him. The inspiring aroma of tobacco was utterly missing, to which he attributed the starved, somewhat carnivorous appearance of the first three patients he saw. Stumbling over a recumbent figure that had arrived after hours and had just been retrieved from the snow, he recommended brandy with the evening meals to give a homey atmosphere. Dr. Poil then hinted that Simpton was grossly in debt. With soup and tea at a minimum on the market a number of Med students found this puzzling. A Dr. Steele, also of Hahvahd with a flash of insight inquired about the 5:30 a.m. thermometers and discovered,, sure enough that last month four were not retrieved. Dr. Psmith (but the "p" is silent) was the culprit, was forced out of hiding in the second floor telephone and led to the confession by Nurse Hacker. Noting the discouragingly long list of Living Individuals unsuccessfully trying to re-enter this building of women, Dr. Steele again made a proposal, this time of handing the reader of any green covered mystery book a sealed envelope containing the name of said murderer and murdered, and the remedies for frustration in the form of subacutebaterialendocarditic. Revelations were now under way and the situation of Simptson was growing worse and worse. It was discovered that the nurses have wet hands.

Harvard was somewhat upset at finding a dangerous lack of such emergency measures as maternity wards. Dr. Poil was becoming increasingly nervous under the strain, but both Dr. Glub-Glub-Burp and Dr. Me-Wife were preserving their calm. The final verdict of the Medical School on Simpton's social unawareness was the capitalized question, Why Does Simptsons have Only Women

(We don't know where this story is continued either)

Bedlam Rages, Skulls Bashed In Faunterloy

WAITING AT THE DOOR

(Editor's note: AM sent a reporter to investigate the Fauntleroy buffet lunch system which certain house officers have been trying to hush-hush. This is what she wrote.)

by Werry de Face

Armed with a press card and a pair of brass knuckles in my pocket, I appeared at Fauntleroy last Wednesday noon for early lunch. Disguised in blue jeans and my brother's hunting shirt, I thought I could join the line into the dining room and get the information I wanted first hand, but they spotted me before I even got in the house. Somebody flashed an old Cox button, asked for the password (all I could think of was "League of Nations"), and threw me out, but undaunted, I cased the jernt as we say down here in Brooklyn and got in through a window. (My father was a second story man—tops in the profession.)

Anyhow, I stumbled onto the most sensational expose ever found on the Wellesley campus. There in front of the dining room door were the Fauntleroy gals, armed to the teeth with books and their desk lamps, ready to spring at the sound of the bell. On one side were the "haves" confidently patting their wide girths and listening to their leader shouting "We— we — us — bungling in the kitchen—tired, old cook—no indispensable cook — incompetent cook—bureaucratic kitchen—bungling cook," just as though she had been reading the *New Yorker* all her life. Pitted against them were the "have-nots" whose sunken cheeks were flushed with anger and their skeleton bodies tense for the battle. Swallowing vitamin pills, the "have-nots" didn't have time to answer before the bell rang, the dining room door opened, both sides threw up their barricades and let loose a barrage of block-busting books and robot lamps. The battle was on.

I'm ashamed to say it, but it was three o'clock in the afternoon before I dared peck out from under one of Fauntleroy's yellow tables so I didn't get much information about the buffet-lunch system. I just dragged myself down to the Vil to McKenney's where it's nice and quiet.

Proof readers with knowledge of English desperately needed by A.M. Apply office between 2-4 a. m. Wednesdays. We will teach you how to read and write.

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"THE CONSPIRATORS"
— Also —
Gloria Jean - Henry Stephenson
"THE RECKLESS AGE"

STAGE

A Bell for Adano, final week — WILBUR
Sing Out, Sweet Land, through Dec. 2 — COLONIAL
Laffing Room Only — SHUBERT
Laughing Water, new comedy by Phoebe and Henry Ephron, dealing with misadventure in a summer camp for girls — PLYMOUTH
Frank Sinatra, with Arthur Fiedler and his orchestra, Sunday evening, Nov. 26 — SYMPHONY HALL

IN PROSPECT

"Dear Ruth," with Virginia Gilmore, Howard Smith, directed by Moss Hart. Opening Nov. 27
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"Tropical Revue" with Katharine Dunham. Opening Dec. 4

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Tickets to all Boston theatres, and all events at Symphony Hall. 25c service fee charged on each ticket

Thugs Decide to Lure with Slugs

President Smackabee's motion for a college subway system was unanimously carried at last Tuesday's All-Faculty meeting called to discuss means of combating the recent wave of mononucleosis. Miss Smackabee disclosed that she bas long been considering the possibility, had in fact, signed Mr. Stooper's orders for the new tunnels in the backs of Fauntleroy and Haz-astove Cazenova with subway exists in mind.

The motion came as a welcome and diplomatic climax to an overheated discussion between tbe Infirmary and the faculty. Dr. Boils of the Infirmary insisted that all academic assignments should be eased to achieve reasonable health for the students. Each department maintained that no cuts in assignment could be made. Especially was Mr. Winkler Adamant that nothing at this time should come between the Barn play and the Dance Group.

Dr. Boils affirmed that even if the departments had no consideration for their students' health, they might at least bear in mind the over-worked condition of tbe infirmary staff.

From Bed to Bedlam

To supplement her motion Miss Smackabee brought forth a long-cherished blue-print of the patb of the new underground. "The cars will run between every class building and dormitory. No conceivable single trip will take over three minutes," she pointed out.

At this the Zoology and Botany departments rose spontaneously to throw their bats into the air. Explaining their action Miss Landman disclosed that both departments have been much harrassed by students who arrive ten to twenty minutes late from geology classes. Mr. Pushing added, "We're sure the chocolate crumbs around their mouths indicate stopovers elsewhere but we have no proof of it. And it certainly is a long walk."

The maximum three-minute trip was hailed as solving several current problems. Students would be able to get approximately one extra hour of sleep a night and still get to 8:40's on time. Thus, the Infirmary's demand of more sleep would be met. The ten minutes allowed between classes could be cut to five, adding an extra forty minutes to every day for sleep, homework, or bridge.

Dr. Boils was satisfied that life would be simplified and rest added. The faculty was pleased that more time would be provided for study. Everyone was happy that the unlady-like muscles every Wellesley girl develops after Freshman year would be overcome by banishing otherwise inevitable hill-climbing from the campus.

Tunnels Also A.R.P. Zones

It was decided that Green Hall "under" would be Wellesley's Park Street. All subways will be routed here. Change for all points can be negotiated (Horton and Hathaway included).

Dean Lacy Pilson and A. R. P. Warden Forge were enthusiastic over the prospect of *bona fide* safety area tunnels in case of another war.

It was estimated that post-war employment will be created for from fifteen to thirty people. Everyone agreed that this would be a demonstration of Wellesley's willingness to cooperate with the administration for the good of the nation—in spite of the outcome of her own private election. "This is truly the spirit of democratic freedom at work," Mr. Chilly observed.

Slugs Solves Fare Problem

Over the matter of fare Miss Donham and Miss Legg, both of the Economic department, nearly came to blows. Miss Legg maintained that the Boston ten-cent fare rate should be adopted. "The simple laws of demand make it inevitable that everyone will use the subway whether five or ten cents is charged," she said.

Miss Donham on the other hand, felt that with the five-cent rate many more people would be induced to ride. With the ten-cent fare Miss Donham felt the demand of only a few girls would be great enough to habitually use the subway. "Thus, our whole purpose would be defeated," she answered her collegue.

Mr. ZigZag of the Psychology department solved the problem by pointing out that "Already your purpose has been defeated if you quarrel about whether five-cent or ten-cent fares will make the most money. Lead slugs should be substituted for either dimes or nickels. In this way all the girls will ride the subways because it will be such fun to use slugs," he said.

The exact time of completion of the venture has not yet been ascertained. But Miss Smackabee's foresight in sanctioning the Fauntleroy and Haz-a-stove back tunnels brings the end considerably closer than would otherwise be possible.

Liquor at Well -

(Continued from Page 1)

in gales of giggles, and stated, "My personal view as it seems to me, relative to the situation, we ought to sell liquor at the Well by reason." Bushy Layman, relinquished Miss Clammerer's gloved hand in great agitation. "Goodness gracious, I won't have it. I just won't have it. We do it on faith or I won't play." Mr. Chilly floated down from the roof to say "We must be fwee." The three men fell to tickling one another. "Gentlemen," Miss Underdone sighed ecstatically.

At the entrance of Milly MacFlea tbe gentlemen found their composure which was hidden in Miss Oversmacker's lap and they voted the measure a law. Miss Ella Keeps Biting was appointed to draw up the plans and sit down.

Before this dastardly attempt to desecrate our sylvan seminary goes one jot further, students of Wellesley unite. Prevent this outrage. Can you visualize what Wellesley would be like if such a plan were permitted to go through? No quizzes, no papers, no classes, no rules. Just sit around all day and drink, and see purple cows. Dreadful. It is not to be borne. There are the radicals and the licentious who will support this move in the Christian Association and AA. But these groups who are attempting to undermine our basic rights to torture must be suppressed. This awful example of middleaged delinquency must be nipped in the bud where it hurts.

There will be a short meeting to protest this outrage in The Happy Swallow in Framingham tonight. Preventive measures will be discussed over crackers and milk.

Persecution -

(Continued from Page 3)

apples" she sobbed huskily. Another unidentified striker complained that the students dressed so beautifully, they made the faculty feel dowdy—"We want blue jeans too," she cried.

Another striker, Mr. Hotlick Hinners, shouted from his stond on top of the fourth stack: "If they have free cuts, why can't we?" The chief complaint, however, was that the students are too eager to pass their exams this year. As one striker, Mr. Bite, put it, "Why should we go to the bother of making out exams, when all the students want to do is to pass them?" Captain Mcoffee, who has been standing on the deck of her schooner, trying to arbitrate the dispute, is quoted as saying: "Goody, goody. Let's break another tradition and abolish exams."

Our final interview was with Mr. Fogtor, who was sitting down, we noticed. "What strike?" he asked, as we questioned him about his opinion on the strike. We explained to him that the faculty were going around saying the students wereu't human. "Ah—and what do you mean by humanity?" he mused. As an afterthought, Mr. Fogtor added. "Of course if the two elements are really contradictory, you must throw away one of them by rational necessity. The problem now becomes: shall we throw away the faculty or the students?"

Hahvahd - Wellesley crocheting match on the 616th step of the Tower on the day after. Carillon playing will harass the contestants. Bring your own needle.

A.M.'s New Board, Chosen for—your Guess is as good as ours. Photographed just outside—your guess is still as good as ours.

Effects of a Wellesley Spashal, the New Type, guaranteed to cure Typographical Errors—OR—how else could we get this cut in?

"You ought to have a sixty-cent Guided Tour!"

said Miss Pfaltznagle. Maybe she was right?

We have more Christmas Gifts than you can well imagine. Radio phonograph combinations for $9.95 and 38 tube radios at $12.49 are only the beginning. The NEWS said this had to be funny, and if that isn't, we dunno what is.

Here are some more funny things:

We apparently have the best stock of Christmas Cards in the United States. It's funny, but we think it must be true. Reason: visiting parents and firemen from simply all over tell us — and we've been sending Xmas cards to Dubuque, Besarabia, and Dower House.. The general idea is that we hint that you'll be smart to get your cards from us instead of waiting until you get home.

GIFT SUGGESTION: A print, framed or not, according to your taste and pocketbook. We have a nice Lautrec suitable for pet hates, and a card to go with it saying that "This reminds me of you".

ANUDDER: A permanent needle. The super one is a sapphire at $2.50. Others from 50c up.

In case you diddleno, our print department consists of a lot more than the little cute "Hummel" numbers we've spread so many of about town. We've got Bentons and Renoirs and Hibbards and Van Goghs and a little of everything. And we have OUR OWN frame shop, which means service that others can't offer you.

SUPER GIFTIE, and def not nift, is the new FRENCH IMPRESSIONISTS containing over 50 color plates and over 100 black & whites. Buy it now, enjoy it, and use it for a Christmas present. What do YOU know about Mary Cassatt? This is one of those Gifts that reflects the taste of the giver as well as that of the givee. Youse indeed.

THE MUSIC BOX INC. TEL. 1174 58 CENTRAL ST.